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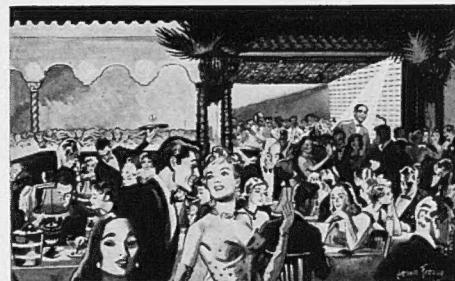
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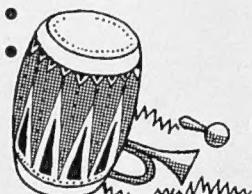


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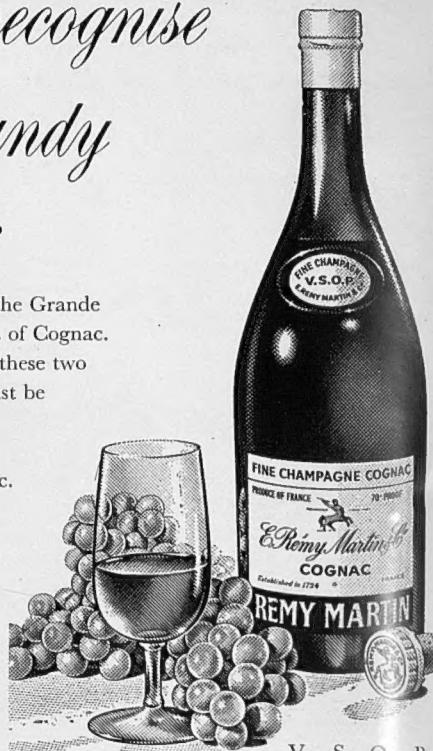
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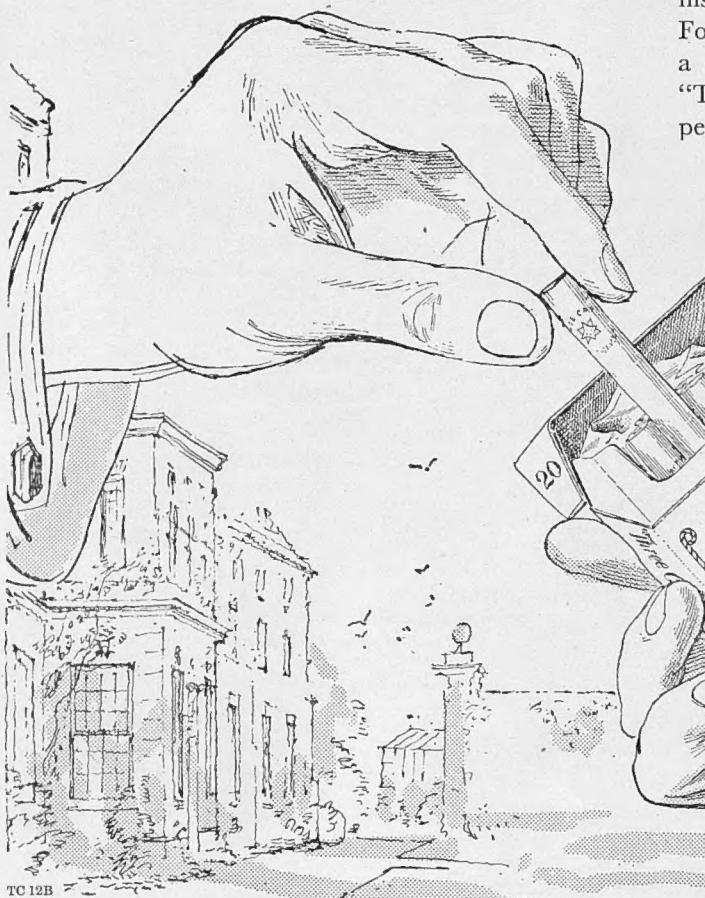
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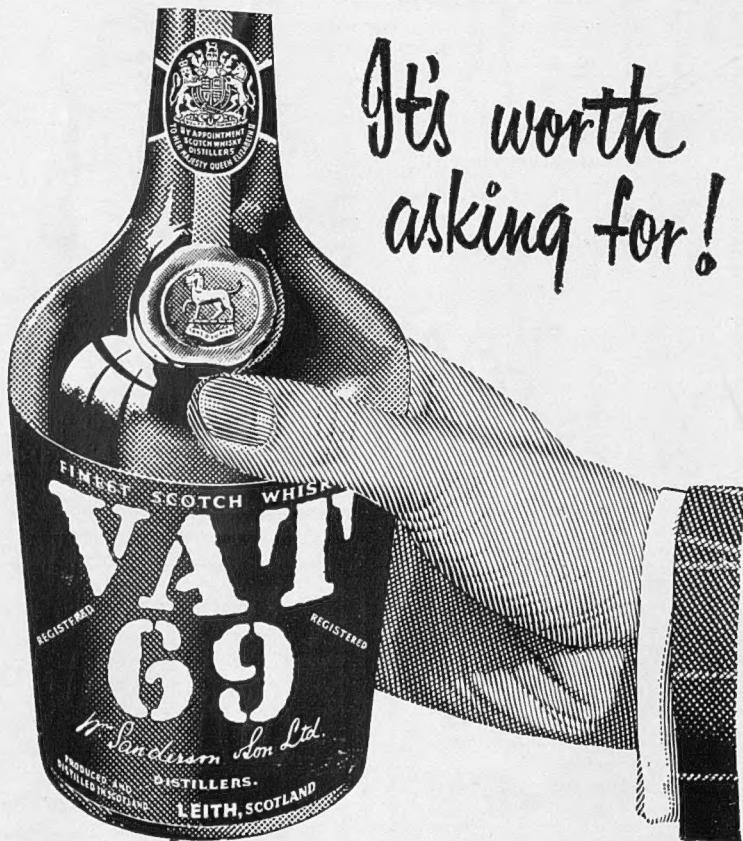
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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 5 to September 12

Sept. 5 (Wed.) Aboyne Highland Games. Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.  
Heythrop Hunt Horse Show.  
National Exhibition of Children's Art (to 29th), Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.  
First night: *River Breeze* at the Phoenix Theatre.  
First Skye Ball at Portree.  
Racing at Bath and Lincoln (both for two days).

Sept. 6 (Thu.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend the Royal Braemar Highland Gathering, Braemar, Aberdeenshire.  
Buckinghamshire County Show, Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury.  
Golf: E.G.U. International Brabazon Trophy, Burnham and Berrow, Somerset (to 8th).  
International Handicrafts, Homecrafts, and Hobbies Exhibition at Olympia (to 21st).  
Film première: *Oklahoma!* at the Odeon, Leicester Square.  
Second Skye Ball at Portree.  
Racing at Carlisle.

Sept. 7 (Fri.) Festival Ballet: Gala performance to celebrate sixth anniversary with Alicia Markova.  
Dances: The Dowager Countess of Lauderdale for her granddaughter, Lady Mary Maitland, at Thirlestane Castle, Berwickshire.  
The Aboyne Ball, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.  
Racing at Manchester.

Sept. 8 (Sat.) Final day of the Edinburgh Festival.  
Motor Racing: Goodwood September Meeting.  
The Harlequin Football Club v. Germany, at Twickenham.  
Sailing: Burnham-on-Crouch Yachting Week.  
London Salon of Photography Exhibition (to

October 6), Royal Water Colour Society Galleries, 26 Conduit Street.  
Racing at Folkestone, Manchester, Newcastle and Salisbury.

Sept. 9 (Sun.)

Sept. 10 (Mon.) Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon (to 15th).  
Golf: Burnhill Family Foursomes, Walton-on-Thames (and following days).  
Croquet: President's Cup and Surrey Cup at Roehampton (to 13th).  
Northern Antique Dealers' Fair, Royal Hall, Harrogate, Yorks.  
Dance: Mrs. Reginald Lambert and Mrs. Patrick Grant for the Hon. Kirstin Lowther, Mr. Simon Grant and Miss Bridget Grant, in Inverness.  
Racing at Folkestone.

Sept. 11 (Tues.) National Rose Society's Autumn Show (two days), Royal Horticultural Society's Halls, London.  
Film première: *The King And I*, Carlton Cinema, Haymarket.  
Northern Meeting—Inverness Ball.  
Doncaster Race Meeting (to 14th).

Sept. 12 (Wed.) The Queen attends the St. Leger at Doncaster.  
Athletics: A.A.A. Floodlit International Athletics at the White City.  
British Percheron Horse Society Annual Show and Sale at Histon, Cambridgeshire.  
Bournemouth Canine Association Championship Dog Show, Bournemouth.

MISS ELIZABETH AND MISS MARGARET ELLSWORTH-JONES are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones, of Moorcroft, Esher, Surrey. Their father is a noted yachtsman and his new 14-ton yacht Casquet made its racing début at Cowes this year and was the first of its type to be built in this country. Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones was a débutante in 1955 and her sister came out this year; she had a cocktail party in April and a dance will be given for her by her parents some time during next month

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**The men with the golden touch . . .**

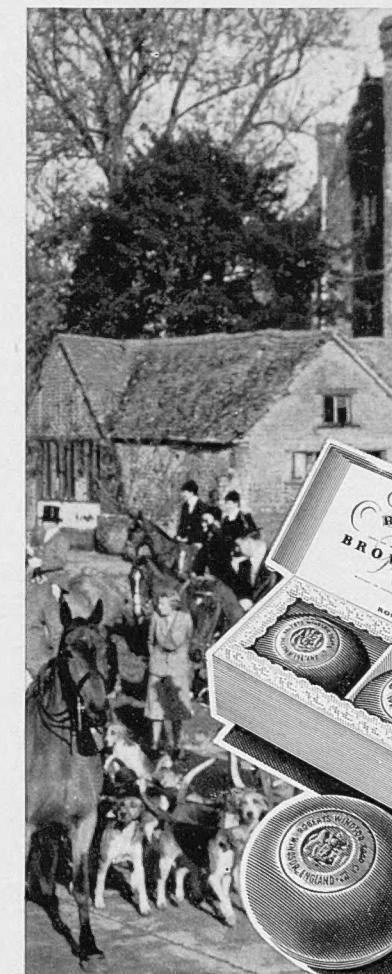
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UNDER 20 GNS



Barry Swaebe

## A young family living in Norfolk

**MRS. DAVID KEITH** is seen with her two children, six-month-old Arabella and Susanna who is three years old. Before her marriage in 1950 Mrs. Keith was Miss Caroline Thornton, daughter of Col. and Mrs. T. A. Thornton of Brockhall, Northants. Her

husband, Capt. David Keith, farms many acres of land and they live at Flitcham House, King's Lynn, in Norfolk where this photograph was taken. Both the Keiths are keen riders to hounds and hunt with the West Norfolk and also in Leicestershire

## The Social Journal

# Race-going at York

### Jennifer

YORK race week is always one of the most enjoyable social events of the year. There are numerous house parties for miles around, and guests come from all over the country knowing that they are going to see some of the best racing of the flat season. Several parties and dances are usually arranged during the week, and this year was no exception. The Royal Family are nearly always represented by the Princess Royal, whose love of horses and interest in racing is as great as that of her niece the Queen. She motored over each day from Harewood House and watched the racing from her box with her lady-in-waiting the Hon. Mrs. Francis Balfour and Miss Jane Clayton. The Queen's racing manager Capt. Charles Moore joined them for some of the races.

Happily the weather kept fine and there was a decidedly bigger attendance in all the enclosures than last year—in fact, I believe a record number for ten years.

This August race meeting at York is considered by many staunch racegoers as the season's best run meeting in England. The prize money is big, the racing always top class, and the course easy to watch, with the paddock, unsaddling enclosure and totalizator all handy to the stands. The catering, so well done by the Yorkshire family of Fawcett, is far ahead of most race meetings—even smoked trout and grouse were included in the menus! The race committee, who are to be congratulated on the way they run this racecourse, have again made several improvements during the year, and other ideas are in hand for the future. Part of the lawn has been widened, several new snack bars have been made including one for trainers, and the twin bars each side under the County stand have been cleverly enlarged with much added sitting space in bright little alcoves.

THE Marquess of Zetland, whom I saw racing each day, was for many years chairman of the racecourse committee and took the keenest interest in the course, but he resigned last year and his place was taken by Lord Irwin who is sure to carry on the tradition. Col. "Squeak" Thomson, a very able administrator and a great personality in the racing world, is chairman of the York County Stand committee. Major L. Petch has been clerk of the course here for the past year, and Mr. Reginald Teasdale has for many years been the invaluable secretary to the racecourse.

On the opening day there was one of the most interesting and exciting races of the season for the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes. This was won by Mr. Claud Harper's good colt Ennis, the only two-year-old in the field, by the shortest of heads (a photo-finish) from Mr. Stanhope Joel's very game three-year-old colt Matador who was conceding nearly two stone to the winner.

The most successful trainer at the meeting was Mr. Jack Colling as he saddled five winners! It certainly was his lucky week, as not only did he achieve this success racing, but out shooting with some friends over his Yorkshire moor on the eve of the meeting, his party shot 163½ brace of grouse, one of the biggest bags so far recorded this season in Yorkshire, where happily grouse are in most parts slightly more plentiful than last year. His winning owners were the Earl of Durham, who had a winner on the first day, and Viscount Astor and his brother the Hon. Jakey Astor, who both had winners in consecutive races on two days running. Mr. Jack Joel was another fortunate owner with two winners at the meeting. There was a real Yorkshire roar of delight as the Earl of Rosebery's Honeyway colt Donald, who started favourite, won the Ebor Handicap on the second day. He was trained by Mr. Jack Jarvis, who alas had been taken ill the previous evening and was not present; neither was the owner Lord Rosebery. Mr. Jack Jarvis also trained the winner of the last race that day, Ribambelle, for Mr. Marcus Wickham Boynton who was his host at Burton Agnes for the race week.

Betty Swaabe

MISS SERENA FASS, who is a debutante this year, is the daughter of the late Col. John Fass, Welsh Guards, and of Mrs. Guy Stourton. She had a dance given for her at the Guards Boat Club at Maidenhead in June, which she shared

MISS SARA OLDFIELD, another of this year's debutantes, is the only daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, of Bill Hill, Wokingham, Berkshire, and Berkeley Mews, W.1. She had a cocktail party given for her in London last March



Yevonde





Swaebe

## GOLFERS IN PERTHSHIRE

AMONG the many visitors to Gleneagles Hotel in the past few weeks were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Powell (top left) who were trying their skill on the King's Course. Above: Sir John Aird and Lady Catherine Hume on the putting green. Right: Mr. H. Barclay and Mrs. Barclay sit in the sun

mong the many personalities of Yorkshire and the racing world I saw enjoying this good meeting were Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, who had Sir Percy Loraine and Mr. and Mrs. Brian Gething staying with her at Malton, the Earl and Countess of Scobrough and their youngest daughter Lady Lily Serena Lunley, the Earl and Countess of Feversham who had a house party of young friends of their débutante daughter Lady Clarissa D'combe who was also racing, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, Mr. Felicity Lane Fox, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Col. Kirby who is the oldest member of the racecourse committee, Sir William and Lady Brooksbank, and Sir Richard and Lady Sykes who had a house party at Sledmere, including Lord Astor and his brother and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne, and Lt.-Col. Penn Curzon-Herrick who was one of the stewards of the meeting and came over from Clifton Castle each day with Mrs. Curzon-Herrick who looked very chic in blue.

IN the Earl and Countess of Durham, Lady Gault with Mr. George and Lady Cecilia Howard who had motored over from Castle Howard, Col. Jack Chaytor, Chief Constable of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Mrs. Chaytor, Mr. Dick Poole who was staying with Enid Lady Chesterfield at her lovely house Beningbrough Hall, Baroness Burton very neat in navy blue, and Lord and Lady Derwent whose son the Hon. Robin Johnstone was home on leave from the British Embassy in Paris. They had a party at Hackness Hall, their lovely Yorkshire home, including Mr. John Hancock who was the judge at York races, Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, her son Viscount Elvedon and a very gay and attractive French girl, Mlle. Sybille de Pitray, who seemed to be finding the winners with great ease.

NUMEROUS young people were racing; among them Miss Rose Lycett Green with her father Mr. Simon Lycett Green, Miss Fiona Myddelton escorted by Mr. Barry Maxwell, Lady Anne Nevill, Sir Thomas Pilkington there to see his horse run on the second day, Miss Rosemary Norrie, Capt. Warren Fenwick-Clelland, Miss Sarah Brook who came down from Scotland with her father Major Teddy Brook, Miss Merle Ropner who came with her mother Lady Ropner, Miss Tessa Cannon and her cousin Miss Victoria Cannon, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Anne Abel Smith, Miss Serena Fass and Miss Angela Courage. General Sir Geoffrey Evans, G.O.C. Northern Command, was racing, also Lady Serena James and her son-in-

law and daughter the Hon. David and Mrs. Bethell, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam and her pretty younger daughter Lady Naylor-Leyland, Lord Plunket escorting the Hon. Katharine Smith, the Earl and Countess of Derby, Lord Tryon, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley who had three runners at the meeting, the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester and her sister Miss Diana Harrison, and Col. and Mrs. Ronald Stanyforth who had Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt staying with them, the latter outstandingly the best dressed woman present on the second day in a neat navy blue suit and little velvet hat to match.

Others enjoying Ebor day included Col. and Mrs. Joe Goodheart, Brig. and Mrs. Tom Draffen who were soon off to Cannes, Lord and Lady Manton, Lady Petre, Sir Hugh Blackett, Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Cdr. Scott-Miller, M.P., Mrs. Scott-Miller, her sister Mrs. Midwood, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pease and two of their pretty daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wormwell who had just come down from Scotland, Mrs. Violet Kingscote, Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie and her sister Lady Viola Dundas, and Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, his daughter Mrs. Van Burden and her husband, and Lady Barber.

MR. AND MRS. ALEX ABEL SMITH were there, also the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite in bright purple, Dr. Tom Body, the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ingham, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower off for the Grand Prix at Deauville a few days later, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon who were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Colling, Mr. John Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson who had been up north grouse shooting, and Miss Ethel Clinker just back from a wonderful trip to Canada. On the first night of the meeting Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bethell gave a very good party at their home, while on the second night many of those who had been racing went to the Ebor Hunt Ball which is held annually to raise funds for the Sennington Hunt, at the Earl of Feversham's house Duncombe Park. The Countess of Feversham was once again the chairman of this ball which was attended by nearly 500 guests and was a bigger success than ever. Lady Feversham is joint master of these hounds with her husband and Major J. Shaw.

On the final night Mr. and Mrs. John Courage gave a dance for their débutante daughter Angela at their home Kirkby Fleetham Hall, Northallerton, capital of the North Riding.

[Continued overleaf]



Van Hallan

THE SEAVIEW YACHT CLUB, in the Isle of Wight, this year held their summer dance in the club house for the first time. Above: Mrs. Whitcombe, Sir William and Lady Acland, Lt.-Col. A. C. Whitcombe, Commodore of the Club, and Mrs. E. Dabell

Mr. J. S. Vogt and Mrs. Vogt had a Miss Julia Mackay and Mr. Howard Redding, two club members look through the telescope



Miss J. Few-Brown, Mrs. Few-Brown, Mr. P. F. Few-Brown, Mr. N. Proddow Lieut. D. B. B. Gresham, R.N., Mrs. Gresham, and Miss G. Few-Brown

This was a very youthful and gay affair. Unfortunately a thunderstorm broke around dinner time so the lovely garden, which was lit with fairy lights and the trees floodlit, could not be used. Dancing took place in the long salon, there was a bar arranged in the hall and a milk bar (so popular at débutante dances this season) in the dining-room where a buffet supper was also served. Miss Angela Courage, who came out this season, looked very attractive in a royal blue dress of wild silk. Among young guests dining with their hostess were Miss Susan Dawson, Miss Sally Whitelaw, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Mr. Robin Wilson, Mr. Jamie Judd and Mr. John Warburton. Numerous friends in the district had house parties and gave dinner parties for the dance. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pease whose pretty daughters always add charm and gaiety to any party, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, Major and Mrs. Percy Ledgard, and Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner, who will be entertaining next year for their eldest daughter Merle—she will be one of the prettiest of the 1957 débutantes—and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fife.

Next night many of the young guests went farther north for the dance which Mrs. Petre Norton was giving for her daughter Sarah at the Manor House, Whalton, Northumberland.

I HEAR that the dance which Mrs. Robert Garnham gave for her débutante daughter Miss Brigid O'Halloran at Tyne Hall, Bembridge, the home of Mrs. Garnham's mother Mrs. D. R. Peel was the greatest fun. This is a charming house overlooking the sea. Dancing took place in the fine drawing-room with French windows leading out to the lawn and rose garden. On the south side of the house a marquee had been built out over another lawn and, instead of the usual muslin lining, Mrs. Garnham had the original idea of decorating it with Redwing sails and fishing net which was most effective.

In Bembridge harbour she had found a collection of large brass ships lights and had them wired; port and starboard light red and green, were hung round the sides of the marquee, and masthead lights on the tent poles. Another original touch with nautical air was a small sailing dinghy filled up with baskets of fresh fruit, which was much appreciated by the young guests. Instead of the more usual cold turkey, ham, mousses, etc., the supper was hot and light and composed entirely of hot prawns and lobster dishes, all cooked in the house.

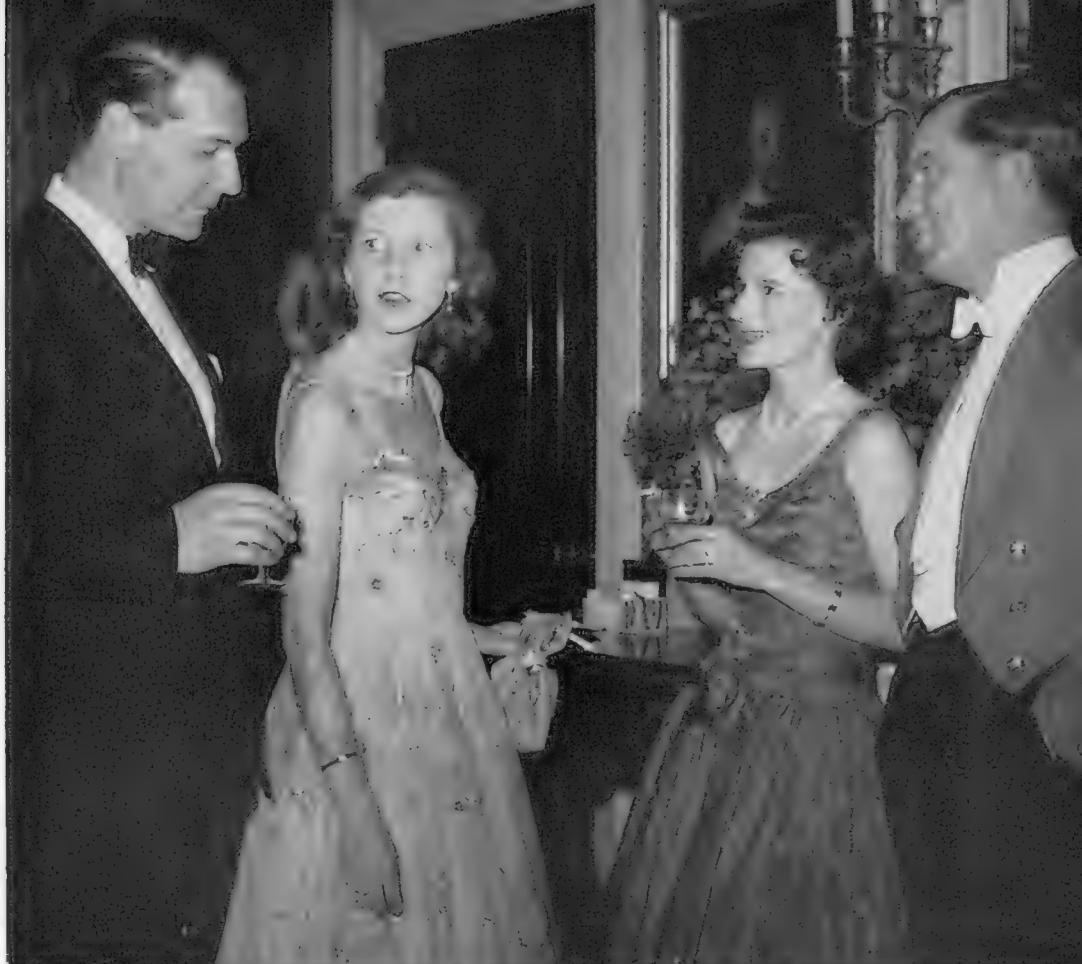
Mrs. Garnham's parents had been wonderful in helping with all the arrangements for the dance, and so had her uncle and his wife, Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. B. de Robeck, who were staying at Tyne Hall. Mrs. de Robeck did all the flowers in the house most beautifully. To add to the gaiety of the evening it was a fancy dress dance.

AMONG those who brought parties were Lady Gunston, Major Darby, Mrs. Pulford, Mrs. Kenneth Preston, Mrs. Charles Wainman, Countess St. Aldwyn, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Lady Joan Colville, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, Mrs. Arthur Wiggins, Mrs. John Raymond, the Countess of Malmesbury and Mr. John Dupree. Everyone thought up some sort of fancy dress and some were extremely clever. Mrs. Peel looked charming in a Spanish dress, while Major Peel portrayed a very stern judge. Mr. Garnham, who was there to help his wife, came as a chef and Mrs. Garnham as a Victorian parlourmaid. Their daughter Brigid, the heroine of the evening, who was I hear enjoying the dance thoroughly, looked extremely pretty in "just fancy dress." Among the outstanding costumes were Sir Derrick Gunston as the artist Pietro Annigoni, Mr. Jack Raymond as Philip Harben, Brig. Mark Maunsell as "Cairo 2 p.m.," the Earl of Malmesbury as a witch, his younger daughter Lady Nell Harris as Neptune's daughter, and Miss Sally St. George as the Peel Bank Buoy.

Other girls who had amusing costumes were Miss Marigold Hodgkinson, Miss Ann Peto-Bennett, Miss Celia Northey, Miss Sara Stoneham, Miss Tessa Kaye, Miss Sue Roskill and Miss Mary Jane Hare. Among the young men who had original and outstanding costumes were Mr. Simon Preston, Mr. Sam Simonds, Mr. Peter Hinton and Mr. John Crookshank, Capt. David Russell, Mr. Garry Service, Mr. George West, Mr. Richard Tatham, Mr. Bobby Buxton and Mr. Jonathon Janson. Others who came in for favourable comment for their fancy dress were Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Michael West, Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McAlpine and Capt. and Mrs. Dermot Musker. This was such a good party that it will be remembered for a very long time by all who were present.



Miss Mary Llewelyn in conversation with Viscount Hereford



Major C. Diggle with Mrs. Mark Philips, Mrs. John Ferguson-Cunninghame and Capt. Mark Philips

Miss Marie Currie and Mr. Harold Sebag-Montefiore

Miss Angeline Gausen, Mr. David Howell, Miss Jane Howell



Mrs. Worsley dancing with Mr. R. H. N. Worsley

P. C. Palmer

Col. C. Smith-Bingham talking to Miss Poppet Williams

Mrs. George Fairbairn and Mr. John Heyworth at the ball



Many competitors and spectators had tea on the lawn in front of the Clubhouse watching some races which were still to be finished

## YACHTSMEN AT ITCHENOR DEFIED THE ELEMENTS

IN THE wild stormy weather, typical of this extraordinary summer of 1956, which included in the short space of a few hours fierce winds, sunny intervals, rain squalls and heavy downpours, the Itchenor Sailing Club carried through the programme of its annual regatta in full. Although courses had to be shortened and there were quite a number of capsizes among the smaller craft, especially Fireflies and scows, no one suffered any serious damage and the regatta was a great success, proving a real test of the yachtsmen's skill and endurance which they passed with flying colours and much enjoyment

Dr. B. G. Wells and Mr. Ian Butler with Mrs. Butler



Mr. David Franklin and Miss Pauline Fowler who crewed for him



Mr. Hugh Way, Mrs. Gavin Anderson, Mr. Vernon Stratton who won one of the races, and Mrs. Stratton

Mr. Keith Wilson with Mrs. James Franklin and Miss Melanie Franklin



Mrs. James Franklin and her daughter Melanie winding their way among the many dinghies



Miss Bridget Tisdall, Mr. Robert Franklin and Miss Frances Widdows



Lady Lowles presenting Mr. Ian Butler with second prize for total points during the regatta in Ballerina



Mr. Jack Ewing with his daughters Jacqueline and Philippa and their friend Penelope Rudd

# THE FAIRE MAID MARIAN AND HER ROBIN

SYDNEY CARTER attempts to elucidate the so-far unsolved mystery of Maid Marian's birth. He does so with many a sidelong glance at some of the more extraordinary possibilities. Was she a French maiden, Matilda the daughter of Lord Fitzwater, or even the Roman goddess Flora in disguise?

MAID MARIAN, as every schoolboy with access to a television set must know, followed Robin Hood into the forest. He knows also that she was of noble birth, or so I guess from the only fragment of this serial I saw. "Go, take this message to the Lady Marian!" a page or somebody was saying—then my hostess turned it off. Well, that is how I always imagined her; a kind of Wendy to the Merry Men, or rather, a Tiger Lily, for she was not only loving but athletic:

"She can fence," said the little friar, "and draw the long-bow and play at single stick and quarter staff."

"Yet, mark you," said Brother Michael, "not like a virago or a hoyden; or one that would crack a serving man's head for spilling gravy on her cuff, but with such womanly grace and temperate self-command as if those manly exercises belonged to her on 'em, and were become for her sake feminine."

That was how Peacock pictured her in *Maid Marian*, a hundred years ago. Lime Grove could not do better.

IT was a slight shock, therefore, when I started looking at folk ceremonies and found that the "Maid Marian" who hangs around the fringes of a Morris Dance is usually the village comic dressed up like a Dame in a pantomime and delighting in the cruder kind of antic. Even at Abbot's Bromley in Staffordshire, where the Horn Dance is performed with such decent vigour once a year, Maid Marian turns out to be a handsome young six-footer, who wears his wimple with a modest but a manly grace. I shall come back to Abbot's Bromley later on. First, let me clear up the mystery of Marian. Is she historical, or mythological? Is she a Maid, a Lady, or a Dame?

You might expect to find a clue in the earliest collection of ballads about Robin Hood. But in *A Lytell Geste Of Robyn Hode*, printed by Wynken de Worde in 1495, there is no mention of Maid Marian at all. Little John and other Merry Men are there; but they might as well be living at a public school as far as women are concerned. They fight and hunt and eat and drink; and that is all.

What other documents exist? Well, there is a document dated 1323, which mentions a certain Robert Hood, of Wakefield in Yorkshire, who had backed the wrong side in a civil war. This sounds as if it might have been our Robin. If it was, he lived in the reign of King Edward II. But there is not a word about Maid Marian.

WE first hear of Marian as a figure in the May games which were so popular in Tudor times and which were such a cause of worry to the puritanical. What exactly she was or did is not clear, but it looks as though she was a kind of Queen of the May. She took part in a dance, and was often impersonated by a man or boy.

There is a suspiciously pre-Christian look about it all, and some regard her as the Roman goddess Flora in disguise.

Her name, Marian or Marion, sounds as if it might be French in origin. There were in fact a couple of fictitious characters, Robin and Marion, who featured in a number of French plays in the Middle Ages. This French Robin has nothing but his name in common with our Robin Hood. He was a simple peasant, not an outlaw. I doubt if he could draw the long bow: not many



Owen Ward



*Performing the famous Abbot's Bromley Horn Dance that has been staged every September for four centuries. The horns are the identical ones used when the dance originated*

Frenchmen could. His chief activity was loving Marion; her chief activity was loving him when he was present, and warding off the local gentry when he was away. Since French was the language of the ruling class in England for two to three hundred years, it is easy to imagine how these tales could have crossed the Channel. Once the name of Robin was linked with that of Marion in people's minds, somebody was bound to have the happy thought of finding a Marion for Robin Hood.

It eventually happened. One thing which may have helped is the fact that Robin Hood, like Marian, had become associated with the May games. Henry VIII, for example, rode out on a May morning more than once only to encounter someone dressed up as Robin Hood. This man would invite the King to a display of archery, followed by breakfast in a leafy bower.

It ought perhaps to add that another school of thought thinks that Robin Hood was really "a forest elf," mixed up with the May games from the start, and not a man at all. But no one with a romantic turn of mind can now credit this.

However Maid Marian got into the legend of Robin Hood, by 1601 she was already there. Not only was Robin now, retrospectively, the lover of Maid Marian: he had also been raised to the peerage. As for Marian, she was now Matilda the daughter of Lord Fitzwater, engaged to Robert, Earl of Huntingdon. When Robert became an outlaw he took the name of Robin Hood; when Matilda followed him to escape the vile embraces of King John, she assumed the title of Maid Marian. That, at any rate, is the version put out by two playwrights, Chettle and Munday. Whether they believed that it was true or not, the story had dramatic shape; so much so that it was followed by most writers afterwards.

It meant, of course, that Robin's dates had been shifted back a hundred years. "Never mind what Wynken said in 1495" I

can imagine one collaborator saying to the other—"This isn't history, it's drama," and so at last Maid Marian, whatever her origin—a French shepherdess or pagan goddess—has become established in legend, films and television as the chaste forest friend, and ultimately wife, of an English nobleman.

But in the English countryside an earlier, more perplexing Maid Marian still survives: the "Man-Woman" figure, as some folklore scholars like to call it. You can meet this Marian at her most presentable at Abbot's Bromley. In the dance now called the Horn Dance, but once known as Maid Marian's Dance, she appears in her medieval finery. The young man who plays the part at present is clean-shaven, unlike some of his predecessors who peer out from old photographs like Druids who have gone astray. She has a ladle, to gather the collection in, which causes certain folklorists to exchange a knowing look. "Fertility symbol," they mutter.

The other characters are a boy dressed as an archer—Robin Hood?—a fool, a hobby horse, the two musicians and the six men who are dancing with the horns. These are reindeer antlers. How they got to Abbot's Bromley is a mystery. It's a long, long time since reindeer roamed in Staffordshire, if indeed they ever did.

THE largest pair measure 39 inches from tip to tip and weighs twenty-five and a quarter pounds. Anyone who thinks folk-dancing is effete should try dancing with this pair all day.

The dance itself consists of a winding movement, done in single file at a kind of running walk, after which the dancers form two ranks facing one another, and advance, as it were, through each others' lines; then turn about and do the same thing from the other side. It is late in the day before they finish.

The date of this most picturesque and puzzling rite is the first Monday after the first Sunday following September 4; which, this year, will fall upon the 10th.



*At the Goat and Compasses, an ancient inn in Abbot's Bromley, the Horn Dancers finish their long day's stint*



# Roundabout

• Cyril Ra,

**A** NOTABLE local newspaper, the *Brighton and Hove Herald*, this week celebrates its hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, and a newspaperman who isn't as old as that, though he sometimes feels it, takes the opportunity to touch his forelock in salute.

There are older newspapers in Britain than the *Herald*, but not many, and few local weeklies can have begun so long a career with such a bang. For its earliest years saw Britain at war with Napoleon, and the only communication with France was through Brighton and Dieppe. News was carried secretly, often by the word of mouth of smugglers, and the exiled King of France even kept an agent at Brighton specially to handle the information. So it was that the *Herald* was at the only point at which news entered this island, and it often beat *The Times* and the other London dailies by being first with the great news stories of the day.

What is more, the Prince Regent was often in Brighton in those days, frolicking at the Pavilion with the other bucks of the Regency, or being domestic with Mrs. Fitzherbert. The editor-owner of the *Herald* was the only journalist to be present in the banqueting-room of the Pavilion on that day in 1809 when the news of

the victory at Talavera was "delivered to the Prince Regent," the newspaper records, "and read aloud by his Royal Highness amidst the loud cheers of a distinguished company," and General Sir Arthur Wellesley's name and rank vanished in the new glory of Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera.

**T**HE first news in the English language of the French revolution of 1830 was in the same enterprising paper, and the first interview given, in Newhaven harbour, by the deposed Louis Philippe in 1848 was on the deck of the vessel he had escaped in to the *Herald's* reporter.

Of all feathers in the cap of the *Brighton and Hove Herald*, though, the most resplendent to my view is that it was the first not only to receive but to translate Napoleon's proclamations to the French Army on his escape from Elba. I cherish in my mind's eye the picture of a modest provincial hack, scribbling away in a back room in Brighton at such grandiloquent phrases as, "the eagle with the tricolour will fly from steeple to steeple till it reaches the pinnacles of Notre-Dame. Then may you show your scars . . ." and scooping the world's press in the process.

**M**UCH of the continuing charm of London lies in its being such a hodge-podge. I was invited recently to drink a bottle of beer at Truman's Brewery in Brick Lane, and I had to find my way through a Spitalfields where—among the kosher butchers; the turbanned Indian colony of Artillery Row; the long street of birdseed shops; and the one-man, or one-family, furniture factories, some with fascia-boards above plank-filled windows stating simply, "Queen Anne Legs"—the famous Gainsborough full-length portrait of Sir Benjamin Truman hangs in a superb eighteenth-century boardroom with marble chimneypiece and plaster ceiling.

There are no silkworms now in Spitalfields, but there are still old houses the big attic windows of which were intended to give light to the silk weavers; there was a "Weavers' Arms" here until only the other day; and there are people still alive who can show you where the mulberry trees once grew, specially planted to satisfy the silkworms' dainty appetites.

The centuries tread upon each other's heels in such parts of London as this. I drank the bottle of beer I had been promised (named, by the way, after the Ben Truman whom Gainsborough painted)

in a partners' dining-room from which one looks on to ancient red brick and a venerable fig tree, and on the panelled walls of which hang eight flintlock muskets that were issued to a sort of brewers' Home Guard raised to repel the feared Napoleonic landing. (They flank, incidentally, a faded photograph dating from the eighteen-eighties of a family group, one bewhiskered member of which, a descendant gleefully told me, was last seen alive walking in his garden wearing a pair of Eton-blue silk pyjamas and drinking a glass of old brandy for his breakfast.)

History telescopes itself in a brewery where one fermenting vat is named "Havelock," after the hero of the Indian Mutiny, and the other, "Ladysmith," after a war still within living memory; and although Spitalfields has belied its bucolic final syllable for the past three centuries, the area over which the brewery sprawls is still, to use a phrase of Max's, "not incongruous with rusticity." Newly joined apprentices still refer to one part of the fermenting room as "the watercress beds," and to another corner as "the fox's hole," without in the least knowing why, save that those are their names, and always have been.

★ ★ ★

THE phrase of Max's I have quoted comes from a talk of his on "London Revisited," first given in 1935, a recording of which was included in the first Third Programme broadcast ever to go on the air, ten years ago this month. That same September evening in 1946 heard Field Marshal Smuts at the microphone, an overture specially composed by Benjamin Britten, and an enchanting piece of nonsense by Stephen Potter and Joyce Grenfell.

How wrong the *Daily Worker* was, in its denunciation of a programme that would, it said, "increase differences of taste and cultural prejudices"—as if it weren't the goal of all true reformers and revolutionaries to widen the cultural horizons of the hitherto deprived—and

### OUT OF THIS WORLD

Science-fiction books, I find,  
Are definitely not my kind.  
It's not at science that I scoff,  
The characters just put me off—  
Those eerie types from outer space  
Without the slightest charm or grace.  
Obsessed with swift annihilation,  
Ruin and disintegration,  
At every chance away they blaze  
With death- or paralysing-rays.

I shudder when I contemplate  
Just what would be my certain fate  
If I should chance one day to meet  
A spaceman landing in the street.  
And that is where the authors make  
A basic, crippling mistake.  
I do not like their creatures' looks  
And so I never buy the books.

If visitors from outer space  
Were men of pleasant, smiling face  
And keen to give mankind a lead  
It might uplift us all to read  
That future meetings could imply  
Both peace on earth and peace on high.  
My ideal spaceman, then, would land  
With smile of welcome, outstretched hand  
And—while warmongering authors fume—  
Say, "Mr. Earthman, I presume."

—Prendergast

• • •

how right those other, more enlightened, organs that welcomed the imagination, wit, taste and ingenuity that are still happily at work, ten years later, every evening from six o'clock onwards.

I write as one who, in fifteen years of broadcasting, has never yet given tongue on the Third Programme, so I have no axe to grind, and can say without fear of being accused of log-rolling that most other broadcasting systems, not to mention our own two television services, would be all the better for Third Programmes of their own.

★ ★ ★

MY visit to Spitalfields gave me an addition to my private list of London pubs with mystifying or out-of-

the-ordinary names—"The Blue Last," in Great Eastern Street, otherwise noted as being the first public house in London to sell porter.

I don't suppose many Londoners now ask for porter, though the sweetened, dark brew used to be as characteristic of London, both as to brewing and as to drinking, as the lighter, drier and more bitter beer is of Burton.

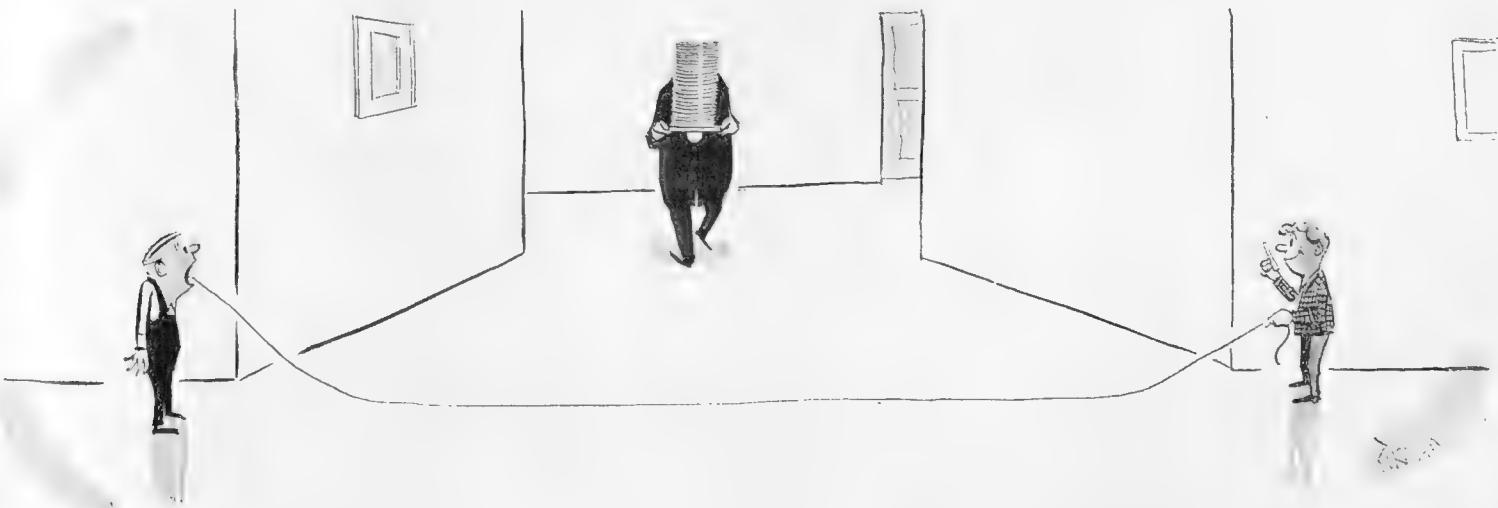
Truman's, indeed, still brew their bitter and more heavily hopped beers in Burton, and their stouts and brown ales in London, but the name "porter" has somehow gone out of use here. It survives only in Ireland, though another of the great London brewers, Whitbreads, in its admirable glossary of boozing terms, *Word For Word* (yes, Ivor Brown edited it), states that it supplanted "entire" as a name for the mixture of ale, beer and twopenny that was popular amongst London market porters at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

IT was in the course of these philological researches that I learned that it was from the London pubs that sold porter to the market men working nearby that the excellent porterhouse cut of steak got its name, in the days, I suppose, when the best cuts of beef were cooked and could be eaten nearest to where they were sold, as they are and can be in Paris and Brussels to this day.

Anyway, "The Blue Last" has gone on to my list, along with "The Mechanics' Larder"—how's that for class-consciousness?—that faces the newspaper office I used to work in, and "The Australian," in Chelsea (this last-named public house it took an American friend, oddly enough, to find for me). To say nothing of "The Three Johns," "The Spanish Patriots," "The Nettlefolds," and a host of other oddly-named places of resort up our way.

It's something of a disappointment that although the very house I live in was once a tavern—a cider house—its name was so uninspiringly run-of-the-mill as "The Castle Inn."

BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham





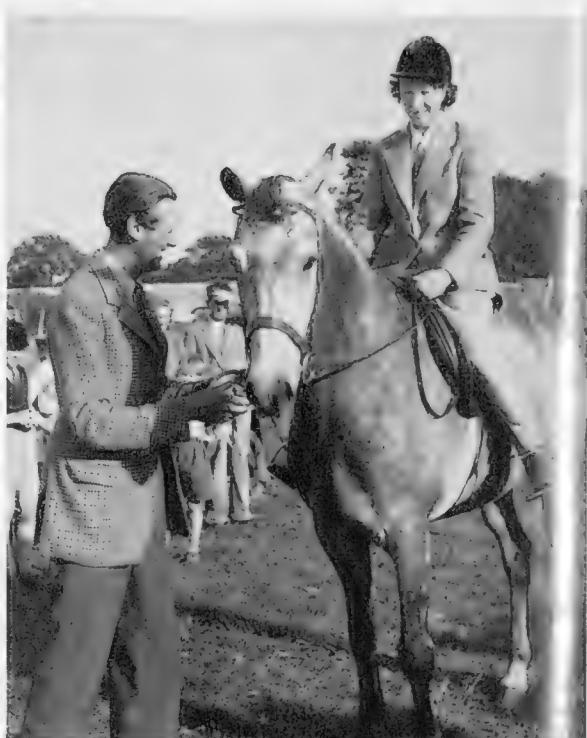
Van Hallan

## TRIALS AT HENFIELD

HENFIELD Junior Horse Trials were held at Parsonage Farm, Henfield, Sussex, recently. Capt. John Walker and his wife organized a comprehensive programme including dressage, show jumping and cross country. Above: Miss Saffrey Oxley on Amber and Miss Caroline Neele on Fawn. Below: Major Lawrence Rook, Sir Mark Palmer, Bt., Nigel Longstaff, Ruth Roberts, Rosemary Wells and Patricia Roberts



Miss Ann Turk on Startright made one of the best rounds of the day



Major Bruce Shand, M.F.H., presents first prize to Miss Caroline Neele

Miss Virginia Gilligan with Miss Maureen Freed on Taff Reynolds



# A PERTHSHIRE GROUSE DRIVE

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES, who owns the lovely 14,000-acre estate Glenalmond, in Perthshire, was among those who had a shoot on the opening day of the season. The bag for the day was 32 brace and 21 hares. The guns included Sir Norman Kipping, Director-General of the F.B.I., and Mr. Dennis Browne, the distinguished children's surgeon



Mr. Norman Kipping and Mr. Dennis Browne, the surgeon

Mr. Brian Rootes and Mr. Gilbert Miller, one of the guns



Sir William Rootes and his grandson, Billy, were waiting for birds to come over. Much of the moor is on very high ground with a magnificent view. Swaebe

Lady Moyra Browne who is the wife of Mr. Dennis Browne

Mr. Brian Rootes, younger son of Sir William Rootes





**A Crown Prince  
and his mother**

THIS gay and informal picture of the ten-year-old Crown Prince Carl Gustaf of Sweden and his mother Princess Sibylle was taken at Solliden, the Royal Family's summer residence on the Baltic island of Oland. On the wall is a picture of the present King Gustaf as a child. He is the Crown Prince's grandfather



*Priscilla of Paris*

## AN EMBARRASSMENT OF FISHES

**FROM THE ISLAND:**—My nearest neighbours here are great fishermen and so kind that they are almost overwhelmingly generous with their catch. For the first ten days or so of my sojourn I gratefully enjoy their bounty. It is marvellous to be able to eat fresh sea-food every day at every meal. Josephine has her own, highly successful way of ringing the changes on plain-boiled, fried or grilled. After a while, however, even her ingenuity is taxed beyond its scope! This year satiation was reached earlier than usual. Josephine is holidaymaking in the Puy de Dome with an eighty-year-old sister who is in need of a little cossetting.

Josephine is a wonderful cosseter but it is a relief to have a rest from her somewhat exaggerated solicitude for my well-being. It is pleasant also to think that she probably is having a high old, bossy time with her aged relative!

NEVERTHELESS I miss her! The girl who comes from the village to "do" for me does not "do" for the fish. I have to fend for myself. For the first few days the fending was disastrous. Freshly caught fish have so many prickly bits, such quantities of scales and are so full of unpleasantness. Little more than the backbone and the tail remained of the first mackerel I prepared for the grill. Since then I have learned but not liked! I cannot help being relieved that my kind neighbours return to town before I do.

For the rest of my holiday I very much doubt whether I shall be able to look even a whiting in the eye and I think I shall be almost ready to stomach (the expression, in this case, is apt) a snail more easily than a sardine.

The penny-plain weather we have had this summer pleases no one and even the local postman is grumbling. He complains that too many letters are being written and that his



R. H. Schloss

## ON A PICNIC IN ST. MORITZ

RELAXING on the lower slopes of a green mountainside in the hot sunshine were the Marquis and Marquise Parga Y Huerta and Lady Churchill who were among the guests at the Palace Hotel

unds, during a rain spell, are twice as long as when the sun shines. Judging from my own mail there is truth in what he ys. Post-card acquaintances have been sending me real tters while letter-friends have delighted me with closely written screeds.

Even young grand-niece Priscilla, in England, has sent me an tertaining account of her first "caravan" holiday. This seems have happened near a farm since: "Geese, two goslings, three ws and lots of hens are roaming about. The cows like dry bread and help with the crusts. This morning the one called Queenie Pie put her head in the car and stole a banana!" Priscilla closes with the embarrassing query: "Do French cows eat bananas?"

far I have obtained no information as to their appetite for bananas but via the daily press I learn that, at Chapelle-en-Vercors, near Grenoble, a visiting holiday-maker was enjoying a peaceful siesta under a tree when a passing cow swallowed her vanity bag. It contained her money and jewels. I conclude therefore that French cows are, perhaps, rather more rapacious than their British cousins . . . and what a digestion this one must have had!

ll the letters I receive complain of the weather, the holiday crowds and the bad drivers on the roads. Accidents are always the Other Chap's fault!

ENDS at Cabourg write me that when Juliette Greco gave her song recital at the Casino the stage was illuminated by the innumerable candles of the heavy candelabra borrowed from a neighbouring church. There had been an accident at the electric power house, but Bruno Cocatrix, director of the Casino, is a resourceful soul.

From the Riviera a friend informs me that Mlle. Françoise Sagan likes to drive her powerful, blue "thunderbolt" with bare feet so as to feel "in perfect harmony" with the engine when it touches the 200 kilometres per hour mark! It is nobody's business what the successful young authoress does with her feet but I would like to know where, on the south coast, at this time of the year, it is possible to hit up that speed.

Paris hoardings will be very dull this autumn if Dr. Pinoteau—an eminent City Father—obtains the ruling that no posters of a "thrilling or indecorous nature" be put up where they are likely to distract impressionable motorists!

What will happen to the "Gay City" if our City Fathers really see themselves *in loco parentis* and lose all sense of humour over the business?



F. J. Goodman

## A resident of the Avenue Foch

THE beautiful wife of the Count de Nicolay is photographed in her apartment in the Avenue Foch. Count Francois is a son of the late Marquis de Nicolay and owns the Chateau de Lude, said to be the loveliest Renaissance chateau in France. He is also a member of Parliament



At the Theatre

## FUN ON THE AIRFIELD

CERTAIN Americans, lofty of soul and keen of purpose, are moved to tears by simple deeds: a policeman helping an old lady across the road or a boy in torn trousers poaching trout. Such scenes they feel (and who among us has the insular nerve to sneer?) are uplifting and on occasion full of honest fun, especially if the old lady does not wish to cross the street or if the freckled boy escapes punishment by native wit and a swift pair of heels.

For this school of meditation, which is by no means exclusive to the United States even if we like to think it originated there, *No Time For Sergeants* at Her Majesty's has been created: an admirable halfway house between *Huckleberry Finn* and *Reluctant Heroes*. It is presented moreover in the modern newspaper strip technique and such useful expressions as "Thinks," "Wham!!!" and "Thanks, pal," are mimed for one and all to comprehend without effort.

This is the tale of Will Stockdale, just a simple, tough kid from the hick country, who is conscripted into the U.S. Air Force. Like his great-grandfather Billy Budd, his armour of innocence is impregnable and is supplemented, if in the cause of justice, by a powerful uppercut. He makes friends rapidly, firstly with Ben, a weedy myopic youth whose ambition is to transfer to the infantry, and secondly with Sergeant King, an old sweat, whose ambition is a quiet life and a pension. These are our heroes for the evening and they cram the occasion with elementary fun so skilfully and yet with such absence of guile that not to laugh with them or at them is to write yourself down as an unpleasantly superior person.

OUR Will makes hay with a psychiatrist in a scene which surpasses all scenes debunking those gentry. This is high praise; for the United States having suffered and worshipped at this shrine of *Hocus Pocus* for some years is now rebelling with virulence and often with wit against the tyranny. By the same token he solves pompous "manual dexterity" problems and, being a backwoods boy from a land where hooch is home-made dynamite, is the possessor of a head like an ox when it comes to attempts to seduce him with common mixtures of gin and whisky. The Brasshat, easiest of Aunt Sallys in any army or any language, is dealt with almost *en passant* and it is not long before our hero

"NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS" (Her Majesty's Theatre). Sergeant King (Leslie Dwyer) who longs for a quiet life, Will Stockdale (Barry Nelson) a husky innocent from the backwoods, Ben Whitledge (Timothy Bateson) a "little fella" with a grievance, and General Bush (Macdonald Parke) a gentleman of omnipotent, military presence, with a weakness for awarding medals. Drawings by Emmwood

finds himself in a large flying machine piloted by a couple of inebriates and proceeding in precisely the wrong direction. At this point the comic strip technique justifies itself triumphant in the production (by Emmett Rogers) whips a real scenic thrill out of the bag, a fact which uncles should note with care for Christmas holidays.

THE wrong direction proves to be the testing grounds for American atomic bomb research and whilst we are awaiting the verdict there is a delightful glimpse of Olympus, in the shape of a couple of generals, in confusion.

Yet naïvete (you will be astonished to learn) continues to survive and to triumph. Our heroes bale out into the blue, taken for dead and honoured as such with speeches and medals. It is a golden opportunity not to be missed even by amateur blackmailers from the backwoods. By a compound of high ranking interdenominational subterfuge, secret treaty and face-saving diplomacy they are transferred to the infantry, covered with ribboned glory and discharged.

Mr. Barry Nelson, who plays Will, carries most of this innocent and uproarious fun on his shoulders as lightly as if it were a pet monkey. Behind his brashness there is a glint in his eye which says "I'm goin' to charm you folks," and his success is doubled because this kind of glint is too often its own implacable enemy.

Timothy Bateson does very nicely as the hero's friend Ben. The author Ira Levin has dealt with him rather more perfunctorily than with most stooges. Still, he makes his mark, wins our affection and is always on hand to pat the best jokes neatly back to the lead.

Finally there is a first rate Cockney comedian, Leslie Dwyer, presenting Sergeant King, with precious little deference to the Atlantic ocean. Mr. Dwyer, like Mr. Gordon Harker, is one of those experts who takes us straight into his confidence at the first blink of his bright blue eye.

With him we know at once that all we have to do is to sit back, as they say in the New York taxis, relax and enjoy the ride. That is the message and indeed the spirit of the evening.



IRVIN BLANCHARD  
(John Turner) who considers himself to be a person of much importance

—Youngman Carter



Vivienne

## Perlita Neilson to lead in U.S. critics' choice

PERLITA NEILSON, the twenty-one year old Bradford girl, who has scored such a success as Nina in John Clements's production of "The Seagull," at the Saville Theatre, has been chosen from four hundred applicants to play the role of the heroine in "The Diary Of Anne Frank," adapted by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett from the celebrated book. The play, which won the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics' Circle Award in New York, will open at Brighton in November and then come to London

*Mrs. Billie Raphael, Mlle. Madeleine Michel and M. Michael Michel*



*Miss Adele Wynne-Williams and Miss Patricia Wynne-Williams took over the beach from their hotel*

## VISITORS TO MONACO ENJOYING THE SUN

*Mlle. Beatrice de la Mussaye, Miss Raymonde Steinberg, Mrs. Steinberg and Miss K. Steinberg*



**M**ORE VISITORS than ever are in Monte Carlo this season. Many English people are among the holiday-makers on the famous Monte Carlo beach, where the green-and-white striped bathing tents on the shore and the palm-fringed swimming pool provide a picturesque background to sun and sea bathing. La Vigie Club, a favourite lunchtime meeting place for visitors, has been extended and improved this season

*Miss Joan Lyons and Mlle. Nicolle Negurenu were sunbathing after a swim in the pool*



Mr. John Collings and Mrs. Collings  
were among the English visitors



Mr. Tom Akroyd and Miss Janet Illingworth on the beach

Mlle. Ellen d'Estainville and Miss Florence Arcourt-Smith on one of the diving boards



Mrs. Illingworth and Lady Mountain were on  
their way to La Vigie Club

Desmond O'Neill

Miss Wendy Farrington, Col. J. R. Farrington,  
and Miss Jill Lyons sunbathing on the rocks





ANITA EKBERG appears in the adventure drama *Back From Eternity*. The story tells how an assorted group of people in an aeroplane are forced down in the middle of Amazon jungle with its terrors

### At the Pictures

## MAYHEM BY MOPPET AND MITCHUM



WITH BOMB AND BOTTLE at the ready, Robert Mitchum seeks to control a Central American revolution in *Bandido*

IT had never occurred to me that the really successful murderer starts young—but I am not too dashed by the information conveyed by *The Bad Seed*: my ambitions are very modest.

In Mr. Mervyn Leroy's screen version of the chilling play based by Mr. Maxwell Anderson on Mr. William March's ever more chilling novel, a cosy criminologist (Mr. Gage Clarke) assures an anxious mother (Miss Nancy Kelly) that many famous killers, male and female, have practised their craft from childhood. Their particular talent takes possession of them early, as in the case of mathematicians and musicians, he maintains: it's a gift they are born with.

Miss Kelly, registering a distress which makes no visible impression on Mr. Clarke, asks if he means that murder is not a matter of environment but of heredity. Apparently he does: his theory is that it runs in the family like wooden legs, as they do in Devon.

On the face of it, Miss Kelly should have nothing to worry about: she and her husband (Mr. William Hopper) are normal people without a single homicidal tendency between them. Their small girl (ten-year-old Miss Patty McCormack) should presumably be normal, too—but the awful truth is she seems to share the instincts of Alice Brown, the robber's daughter in *The Bab Ballads*, who, you may remember, slew a little baby for the corals at its neck.

By degrees it dawns on Miss Kelly that Miss McCormack, a prim, smug and *soignée* moppet, has not only killed a school-fellow for a gold medal she coveted but is also responsible for the death of a dear old lady who had promised to leave her some much-prized bauble but was an unconscionable time a-living.

Nothing in the child's upbringing can explain these little girlish tricks (to use the Gilbertian phrase): heredity must be blamed. Miss Kelly, more fretful than the porcupine, probes and probes into her own family history and learns with horror that the couple she regarded as her parents had adopted her, and that she is the daughter of a notorious and highly accomplished murderer.

While Miss Kelly is tormenting herself with this unwelcome news, Miss McCormack is calmly burning to death a half-witted



EUNICE GAYSON plays the girl in the case in a thrilling murder trial story called *The Last Man To Hang*. The distinguished cast is led by Tom Conway and Elizabeth Sellars

janitor (Mr. Henry Jones) who has annoyed her by pretending to know her secrets. This is altogether too much for Miss Kelly. She decides that something drastic must be done—and does it.

Messrs. Warner Brothers have asked me not to reveal the "surprise ending." I can only say that it came as no surprise to me: Hollywood was bound to baulk at the final bitter irony of the original story. If I seem to have approached a morbid subject in a spirit of frivolity, it is because I feel that the film taken seriously could be dangerous. We know too little about credulity for anybody to contend positively that bad seed—or good, for that matter—is passed on from generation to generation. My own ancestors, I believe, include such diverse characters as a cattle-thief and an exciseman—yet I'm no more law-breaker or a law-enforcer than the next critic. If you can be as confident as I that the film's argument is false, you will find it not uninteresting and certainly very well acted—though it does lack the impact of the play and novel.

MR. ROBERT MITCHUM, who begins to grow on one, lounges very agreeably through *Bandito* as an American adventurer who travels down to Mexico in 1916 because there's a revolution and he hopes to make something out of it. Among his fellow-villagers are Mr. Zachary Scott, a mean-looking munitions merchant bent on selling arms to the Regulares, and Miss Susala Thiess, a well-built beauty who is married to, and cordially despises, Mr. Scott.

From his hotel bedroom, Mr. Mitchum, sipping a glass of something alcoholic with evident appreciation, looks down on a battle raging in the square below. The Revolutionaries don't seem to be doing too well, he notes. Taking a couple of hand grenades from his well-stuffed suitcase, Mr. Mitchum hurls them among the guns of the Regulares—and in no time the battle is over.

THE leader of the Revolutionaries (Mr. Gilbert Roland) is grateful. He is also very short of guns so, when Mr. Mitchum proposes to get some by kidnapping the gun-runner and his wife, Mr. Roland is in favour of the idea—though he's too wily an old bird not to expect there will be snags.

Miss Thiess's looks make it seem unfair to describe her as the nigger in the wood-pile—but it is because of her that Mr. Mitchum becomes a fugitive from both the warring parties, is captured by each in turn and darn nearly despatched by a firing squad.

I enormously enjoyed this picture. Admirably directed by Mr. Richard Fleischer, it has the genuine quality of cinema. It is full of movement and the photography, in colour by DeLuxe, is exceptionally fine. There are lovely shots of splendidly sombreroed horsemen riding through the tall grass to ambush a train, of a flight through the swamps with canoes in deathly-silent pursuit, of a seashore lapped by creaming waves under a white-hot sun. I loved it.

—Elspeth Grant



EVA MARIE SAINT, who won an Oscar for her performance as best supporting actress opposite Marlon Brando in *On The Waterfront*, stars in the comedy *That Certain Feeling*



LUCY MARLOW plays a chorus girl who inherits a gangland empire in *He Laughed Last*, a burlesque murder musical, which also stars Frankie Laine as her singing bodyguard

"LANDSCAPE NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE," a watercolour by Rowland Suddaby. An exhibition of recent watercolours and gouaches by this painter opens today at the Leger Galleries, 13 Old Bond Street, until September 29



### Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

## CHILDHOOD THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS



MUTUAL PLEASURE, an illustration from "Real French Cooking" by Savarin (Faber & Faber, 25s.), translated notably by E. M. Hatt

CHRONICLES of childhood are, very often, tinged by an idealizing nostalgia. "The earth, and every common sight, to me did seem appalled in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream. It is not now as it hath been of yore. . . ." Julia Fane's **Morning** (John Murray, 12s. 6d.) might, from its lyric title, be expected to strike the Wordsworthian note—with which the book's jacket appears in tune. To my relief (and still more, venture to say, the book's own great gain in originality) this is not the case. Here is a transcript of little-boyhood over which no rosy veil has had time to form.

The author is near enough to his early youth to see things in what (then) seemed their true proportion. *Morning*, though told in the third person, is, one may take it, in essence autobiographical. Nominally, this is a novel: the central character, Vere, is seven years old when the story opens. It is through Vere's eyes that we behold, by his individual standards that we measure. The time is 1938-39, the scene, a well-to-do English country house, with particular focus on the nursery. Vere is youngest-but-one in a brood of five—he has two bouncing elder sisters, a schoolboy brother, and a beatific baby sister called Faith. The existence of these others at first surprises one, for Vere exhibits (one might have thought) the highly developed oddities of an only child.

ODD man out, in an otherwise hearty family, the secretive and tense little boy certainly is. Throughout days, weeks, each event which involves him holds a drama he can discuss with nobody. We begin with his having his pockets searched by Mal, the good-humoured French governess—will, oh will the concealed cigarettes appear?—we bid him good-bye near the gates of his first school. One of the most striking things about *Morning* is its rendering of a child's sense of crisis—and, not less, of an innate poetry lost (by most of us) as we grow older. Freshness there is, in every sensation a dreamlike sharpness—not, always, glory!

And the adventures, the undertakings, the hopes, the plans—how well, how feelingly they are shown. As against this, there are the worries, and the nagging sense of delinquency (as in the cream bun episode). The house-building, in corners of the garden, absorbs the reader as it absorbs the boy. There are also moments of well-nigh heartbreaking, mysterious, perfect happiness: such is the climax of Leo's birthday picnic, and the evening out shooting with the father. Large looms the puzzle of relationships with surrounding people.

The grown-ups in *Morning* have an uncanny livingness. The

father and mother, Nanny, Flora the nursery-maid affect Vere more than his fellow-children—with the exception, always, of the tormenting Leo. The farewell to Flora (leaving to be married) is one of the most disturbing moments in the book. The boy is always looking for a hero, who shall at the same time be his ideal friend: first brother, then father are cast for this dream rôle—it is inevitable that both fail. The bathroom battle between Leo and Vere leaves behind a declared hostility.

One must, however, make clear that *Morning* by no means depicts an "unhappy" childhood. Mr. Fane does not bid for our sympathies on behalf of Vere on the grounds that the child is "misunderstood." Vere's chief struggle is to understand himself, and one feels that this may continue through after life. The setting, the family life, the household are touched in with an affectionate justice. And the war's outbreak, does it alarm the child? Chiefly (which seems to me very true) the war connects in Vere's mind with the sense of break-up he has at going away to school. . . . This book may well furnish a key to the understanding of unaccountable children. Apart from that, it has what no one should miss—real distinction and unusual beauty.

★ ★ ★

A COLLECTION of short stories **The State Of Mind** (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15s.) by Mark Schorer, author of the novel *The Wars Of Love*, were, actually, written before the novel, and appeared in their own country some years ago—why they have not reached us before, as they should have done, is a mystery. For here is a product of one of the most brilliantly intelligent imaginations in America. However, it may be that having had the novel first may help the British public to tune in, more easily, on the Schorer wave-length. Short stories (I have heard it said) demand a quicker adjustment on the part of the reader.

The title-story, in this collection, is placed last. Yet it was by inspiration that the entire volume was named after it. Each of these pieces *does* pinpoint a "state of mind"—or, if you prefer it, mood. But that is not to say that these tales are plotless: on the contrary. Each hinges upon a situation which will command, at once, your or my attention. "Long In Populous City Pent" shows an emotional triangle of unusual nature; "Little Girls In White" reveals infant fiendishness beneath an angelic, polite exterior; "The Long Embrace" culminates a long, unrewarding love affair while the victim is under an anaesthetic. "Come Again, Young Man" depicts the defeat of an honest-to-God young suitor in face of the culture of his beloved's family. "Consideration Of The Poor" is an engaging satire: high-mindedness blotted by social snobbery.

Several of the finest of the stories show the impact of the European crisis, the war, or the postwar era on highly strung, super-civilized Americans. It is this group, to my mind, which have most documentary interest (apart from creative value) for readers on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Schorer is a first-rate literary artist; artists need not have purpose, and it is not *his* (consciously) to "explain" America to us. Nonetheless, I do think the story "An Aftermath"—arguably the best in the collection—has eye-opening value: in addition it is a gruesomely joyous picture of an appalling weekend.

★ ★ ★

FROM Rupert Hart-Davis comes **The Nightwalkers** (10s. 6d.), a horrific adventure story: author Beverley Cross, who has already given us *Mars In Capricorn*. This time, we have a young English student who, on a Quatorze-Juillet evening in Paris, becomes involved with an ex-Resistance gang, and undertakes to aid them in a project. What our hero (who speaks in the first person) expects to be a heroic rescue turns out to be a frightful act of revenge. To complain that the torture-scene might have been spared us is to underrate Mr. Cross's feeling for truth—and still more, I think, his acute sense of the dangers besetting his generation. Moral, don't go about looking for a crusade.

"There is no just cause for a young man," counsels an older woman, when all is over. "There are no more crusades. Inhumanity marches with banners and slogans, while truth and what is good travel alone. Don't try to be a crusader; be content to remain a pilgrim." And the lesson indeed has been learnt, though at what cost. . . ! *The Nightwalkers*, for all its bloodcurdling passages, is sweetened by the gallant freshness of youth.



LORD BRABAZON of Tara at St. Andrews, Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, 1952, taken from his stirring autobiography "The Brabazon Story" (Heinemann, 25s.)

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL of the Fleet, one of Ernest Shepard's illustrations to Shirley Goulden's short stories for children, "Royal Reflections," a delightful book (Methuen, 9s. 6d.)

A GOTHIC EFFIGY of Inez de Castro is an illustration from Marie Noele Kelly's fascinating and informative book "This Delicious Land, Portugal" (Hutchinson, 25s.)





HERE ARE COATS AND SUITS  
FROM AUTUMN COLLECTIONS  
OF THE LONDON DESIGNERS

## LONDON DAY

LACHASSE presents (left) a black and white tweed coat with unusual sloping shoulder line and a wide vee-shaped stand-away neck. An example of this season's tent coat

VICTOR STIEBEL. This cornflower blue wool coat (right) with a wide collar and large square pockets is worn over a pleated white jersey dress (not shown)

NORMAN HARTNELL. Another version of the tent coat (below right) which has large under-arm buttoned pockets in burgundy wool, lined with black Alaskan seal

JOHN CAVANAGH. Another coat (below) which combines warmth and smartness perfectly. It is made in brown and black tweed, has a voluminous pleated back, while the stand-away collar and cuffs are in black Persian lamb

Photographs by John French



By

Isobel Viscomtesse  
d'Orthez  
*Fashion Editress*





CHARLES CREED



RONALD PETERS

MATTLI

JOHN CAVANAGH



## FOR A NIP IN THE AIR

CHARLES CREED has designed a dress and jacket (top left) in pale amethyst angora and wool hopsack. The dress is slim and the jacket is loose and straight with a clever hidden front fastening

RONALD PATERSON'S ultra-sophisticated suit (top right) is in a pale oatmeal wool with a detachable scarf collar, a slightly defined waistline and low side pockets. The skirt is slim and straight

MATTLI has brought out this really superb classic in a becoming tartan patterned with a shawl collar and low half collar (lower left). This is the type of suit which looks right at all times

JOHN CAVANAGH has designed this suit (lower right) in grey and beige tweed with detachable beaver fur and wide beaver cuffs. The touch of fur at neck and wrists give it an air

MICHAEL'S white and black speckled tweed coat (right) with a wide cape-like collar and wide sleeves is perfect for autumn weather: cheerful and warm, is of a highly striking aspect



MICHAEL



MICHAEL SHERARD



DIGBY MORTON

DIGBY MORTON. Left: A suit in Glenurquhart check. The jacket is double breasted and has vertical pockets and a wide beaver collar. The cuffs are banded and buttoned and the skirt is slim and tapering. Right: Also from Digby Morton, a high-fastening fitted coat in beige tweed with a half collar in S.W. African lamb with narrow cuffed sleeves

## Tweed with a touch of fur

MICHAEL SHERARD. This fitted tweed coat in brown and white check with low pleating (left) has wide revers in Persian lamb, worn with a matching Cossack hat

RONALD PATERSON. On the opposite page is a dress and jacket in black tweed. The dress is a slim sheath with the bust underlined in satin. The bulky jacket is lined and collared in opaline fox



DIGBY MORTON



RONALD PATERSON



## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



# FINERY FOR WINTER NIGHTS

THIS wonderful theatre coat by Hershelle is made of black velvet and has wide puffed sleeves and an outsize collar edged in mink marabout. The collar turns into a most intriguing medieval hood (above), ideal for frosty evenings. About 25½ gns., obtainable from D. H. Evans

HERSHELLE'S cocktail suit in bronze metallise has a slim skirt and a fitted jacket with a wide band of black velvet slotted round the basque, with bows at the sides. Approx. 12½ gns. at Debenham and Freebody. Gold tinsel hat by Dorothy Carlton, perfect for cocktails



Michel Molinare

# Some bright touches for shorter days

THESE accessories with their gay colours and floral air are just the answer to the slightly chilly feeling which comes with approaching autumn, and the sudden shortness of the sunlight hours. So wear them with your warmer clothes—JEAN CLELAND

Here is a lovely black mohair duchess bag so useful for all day. It is trimmed with cream Luxan hide. Price £16 16s., it can be obtained at Finnigans

Below, left: Silver metal turquoise bead necklace £3 17s. 6d., matching ear-rings £1 5s. (Below) gilt and turquoise bead necklace £6 10s., bracelet £4 10s., matching ear-rings £1 5s. All from Fortnum and Mason





Posy consisting of roses, wild roses and pansies price £1 7s. 6d., larger one all wild flowers price £1 12s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove

Two lace posies (top) are price 9s. 11d. each. Lower posy 6s. 11d. Marshall & Snelgrove



Long white nylon gloves embroidered in yellow, 27s. 6d. Short gloves in white pique with daisy edging £4 4s. Both pairs obtainable at Harrods

These two charming scarves are taken from a selection to be seen at Harrods. The price is £5 9s. for each of them



## Beauty

# Getting up steam for slimness

ONE of my earliest recollections as a child is of going to stay with an aunt who, from time to time, would retire to her bedroom, to sit encased in a box-like cabinet. With only her head visible—sticking out of the top—she looked like a lady about to be “sawn in half” by an illusionist. In course of time her face would become moist, and so red that I lived in constant fear lest both she and the cabinet would explode.

Anxious inquiries as to what she was doing produced the information that, for the purposes of slimming, and of relieving rheumatism, she was taking something in the nature of a Turkish bath. Simple and safe though this may have been—and, since my aunt lived to a great age, undoubtedly *was*—it was ever viewed by her young niece with deep distrust.

Now a new kind of steam bath has been devised, which is a slimming, health and beauty treatment all rolled into one. This, too, is like a Turkish bath, and seems to me to fill a long felt need. Called the “Turkobath,” it folds into a little package, small enough to go into a sponge bag, so that in addition to using it in your own home you can even take it away with you. Unfolded, it fits over the bath, and is simplicity itself to use.

ALL you have to do is to fix it firmly by means of the little suction cups that come with it, and fill the bath with a few inches of hot water—allowing just a little to continue to trickle in. Then step into the unzipped opening at the top of the cover, zip it up round your neck again, and relax for as long as you can spare the time. Half an hour or forty minutes should be sufficient.

This ingenious invention should, I think, prove extremely valuable. By increasing perspiration, it aids slimming. By improving circulation and helping to extract toxins from the blood stream, it has a general tonic effect on the whole body. By opening and thoroughly cleansing the pores it beautifies the skin. “Turkobath” is available at most of the best stores, and costs 15s.

Another outstanding piece of news is of Coty’s new “Twenty-Four-Hour” lipstick, which appears to have caused quite a sensation in America. It takes its name from the fact that the colour does actually stay on for twenty-four hours, even after



COTY'S “Twenty-Four-Hour” lipstick, which really stays on for a full day and which comes in seven different shades. The de luxe case shown here costs 7s. 6d. and the switch-stick and interchangeable refill costs 5s.

cleansing your face. The morning after the night before, becoming trace of it is still there. Not so brightly, of course, as when you applied it the previous day, but just enough for you to wake up with enough colour to look attractive.

The long-lasting virtue of this lipstick might lead you to suppose that it is hard; on the contrary, it is satiny soft and creamy, and goes on beautifully smoothly with just the lightest touch.

Because of certain ingredients which it contains it is not drying, and acts as a protection to the lips. It sets itself and requires no blotting.

You can get the “Coty 24” in seven fashion shades: “Tup Pink,” “Precious Pink,” “Rose,” “Riviera Pink,” “Medium,” “Magnet Red” and “Bright.” For refilling, you simply take out the old lipstick, and insert the new.

Innoxa, always to the fore with any new developments in the field of beauty culture, have brought out two new make-up preparations, “Compliment” and “Skin Bloom,” both of which are of interest. “Compliment” is a tinted foundation which, smooth and fragrant, is so soft as to be almost liquid. It has been specially created for normal and dry skins. Not only does it hold the powder and keep the make-up matt for hours, but it keeps the skin supplied with the necessary moisture. “Skin Bloom” is another foundation, designed for the oily skin. Both can be had in three attractive shades.

INNOXA have also brought out some very lovely new shades of powder. So if you feel like trying something fresh, have a look at some of the following next time you are in town: “Light of Heart,” “Moondust,” “Soft Lights,” “Sunkissed,” “Dawn Sky,” “Bewitching,” “Sunrise,” “Candlelight.” The new face powders are in a very decorative box, oval in shape and made in Innoxa’s new colour scheme of cypress green and lilac, with a transparent lid.

A trying problem for a good many people is the depressing speed with which their hair becomes greasy between shampoos. This is particularly worrying to young girls who cannot afford to be for ever running in and out of the hairdressing salons.

An effective temporary measure for dealing with this trouble, and reviving the hair when it is looking dull and lank, can be carried out successfully with eau-de-Cologne and a small Spontex cosmetic sponge. Divide the hair into small partings and sponge all over the scalp with the cellulose sponge, well moistened with eau-de-Cologne. While the hair is damp pin it into shape, and when dry comb out with a clean comb. The Cologne applied in this way not only helps to dry out excessive grease, but leaves the hair beautifully fragrant.



—Jean Cleland



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# Horrockses



Fennell, Dublin

**Faulkner—Browne.** Lt. Hugh Douglas Faulkner, R.N., younger son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. W. Faulkner, of The Close, Hatch Beauchamp, near Taunton, Devon, married Miss Fiona Naomi Browne, the younger daughter of Brigadier Dominick Browne, C.B.E., and Mrs. Browne, of Breaghwy, Castlebar, Co. Mayo, Eire, at Christ Church, Leeson Park, Dublin

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Lowth—Lines.** Mr. Mark Robert Tregonwell Lowth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lowth, of Bollitree Lawns, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire, was married to Miss Gillian Hendrey-Lines, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lines, of Leigh Place, Godstone, Surrey, at St. Peter's, Tandridge, Surrey



**Waller—Clarke.** The marriage took place at Putney Presbyterian Church, between Mr. David Leslie Waller, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Waller, of West Dale, Cleland Road, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire, and Miss Jean Clarke, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Clarke, of Bebington, Cheshire

**van Velden—Vanderfelt.** Mr. Julius van Velden, of Richmond Chase, Richmond Road, Kenilworth, Cape Town, South Africa, was recently married to Miss Shirley Vanderfelt, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Hugh Vanderfelt, of Penhallow, Cookham Dean, near Maidenhead, Berks, at Crown Court Church, Covent Garden





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*The November, January and February sailings of the "Antilles" will include calls at Kingston, Jamaica,  
especially for those from England who winter in Jamaica.*

**Motoring**

# ON AVERAGE SPEED

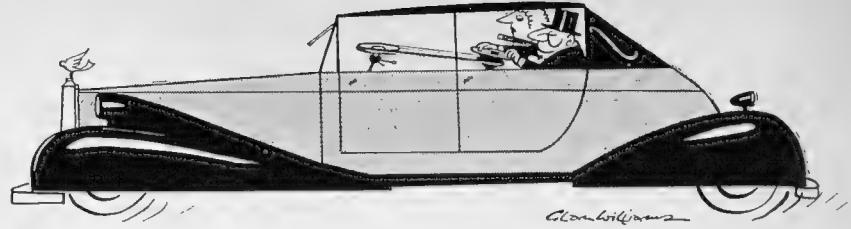
PROMISE of a popular and interesting Motor Show is contained in the summary of stand holders issued by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Out of the 540 exhibitors, 57 will be car makers and both these figures exceed those for 1955. The Show is going to be opened this year by the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, on October 17 and it will continue until October 27.

So far as I remember, rather more than half a million people visited the Show last year and the S.M.M.T. was pleased that a record was set by the numbers who came from overseas. Again, speaking from memory, I think that they totalled something not far short of 14,000. As was emphasized in this column a short time ago, the Show acquires special importance this year because of the threat of a recession in the motor industry. It will play a big part in determining whether that recession affirms itself or not.

ALTHOUGH it seems to be a long time in advance, I must soon begin to refer to the new models. It is only by spreading the load that I can hope to touch, however briefly, a few of the more interesting exhibits.

Some time ago I described an average speed indicating instrument. It was of Italian origin and there was some prospect of its being manufactured in England. That plan failed. But now I have details of a new and, as it appears from the specification, better average speed computer. It is known as the "Littlemore Electronic Average Speed Computer" and its inventor is Dr. Hall. It is electrically operated and it shows on a dial the average speed in kilometres an hour and miles an hour at any instant after it has been set.

If, therefore, the computer is set at the start of a journey the



driver has a moment-to-moment indication of the progress he is making and of how close he is keeping to any pre-determined schedule. Stops on the journey can be included or excluded by the movement of a switch.

Those who enter for trials and rallies are chiefly interested in such an instrument, but it is obvious that it would add to the attraction of any motor car. In fact, it would provide a useful little piece of sales stimulation. If it were offered in cars in the medium and high priced groups it would be widely appreciated.

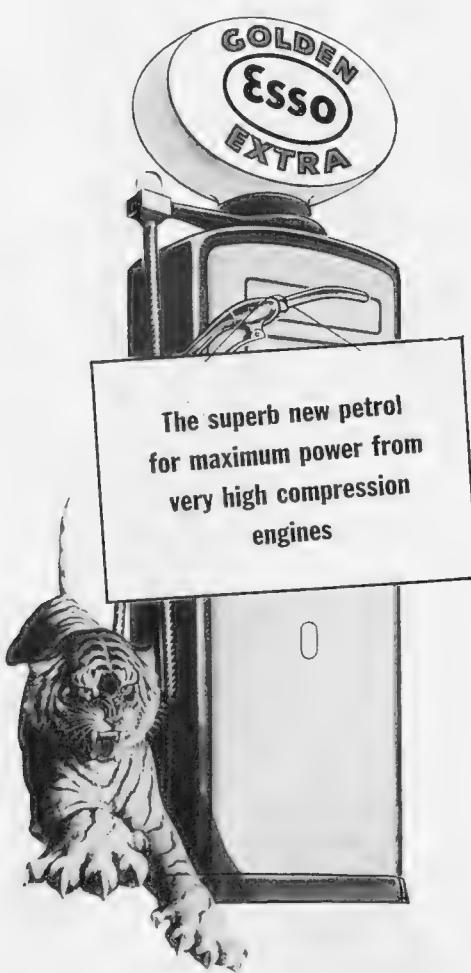
THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Motorists receives little support in this country. We know that the drivers of highly polished vehicles of the latest pattern do not need (or deserve) protection; but I am thinking of those care-worn motorists who, during this part of the year especially, are to be seen coaxing antique and invariably over-loaded vehicles through traffic jams.

Veteran and vintage cars have nothing to do with it. They are the pampered toys of enthusiastic collectors who are ready to spend the earth on them. But the motorist who is genuinely hard up and who takes to the road in some battered little vehicle deserves our sympathy and our support.

In France he never looks so care-worn. He takes his motorin gladly, even when he is left to wrestle with tyre troubles while all the rest of the family remain seated in the car.

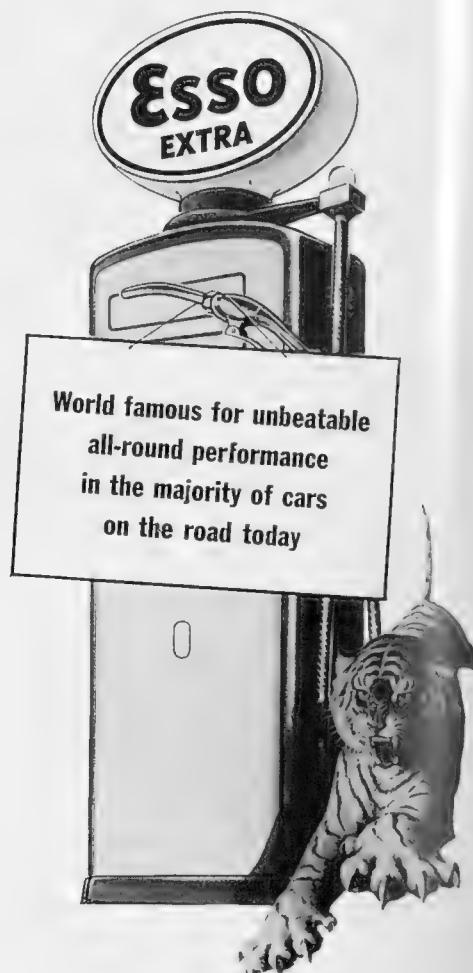
Here the wretched, over-burdened man is the picture of depression. And when his car with its tremendous load fails in the midst of a whirling storm of vehicles at some roundabout, he receives no sympathy. Instead horns are sounded and drivers lean out and curse him.

—Oliver Stewart



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World

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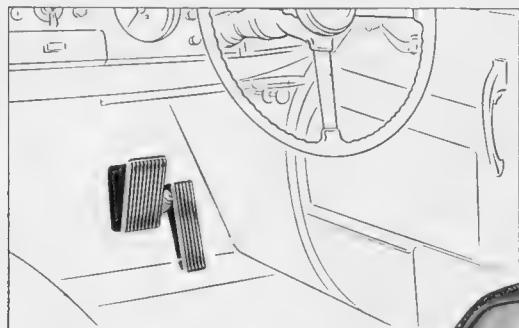


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To all the grace, space and pace that have made the Mark VII Jaguar admired and desired throughout the world—comes Automatic Transmission—bringing with it a wonderful new driving experience and a restful, effortless command of all the silken performance and supreme flexibility

of the famous XK engine. This Automatic Transmission model, now available for the first time in Britain, has for two years been acknowledged abroad as offering the smoothest, safest and the most silent 2-pedal driving of *any* car—in any country. Without clutch or gearshift it provides, at the touch of accelerator or brake, the complete answer to town traffic conditions . . . it banishes fatigue from even the longest of journeys, and is at all times the last word in silent efficiency and a revelation in relaxed driving comfort.



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Ivon de Wynter

MR. CHARLES is the resident proprietor of the Hotel Mayflower and Country Club at Cobham, Surrey, which is beautifully decorated and finely furnished. He has also been at the Savoy and the Berkeley Hotels

## DINING OUT

### *Cabaret time*

THE Café de Paris in Leicester Square might well be called the "Café of Wonderful Cabarets"; for top liners it possibly compares with anywhere in Europe and can frequently give America a run for its money.

Look at the stars who have performed there during the last year or so, some of them for several weeks: Marlene Dietrich, Noël Coward, Carl Brisson, Maurice Chevalier, Beatrice Lillie, Eartha Kitt, and so on. The gentleman who has the job of dangling bags of gold in front of these celebrities to lure them into the spotlights is Major Neville Willing, the general manager, who has had eighteen years' experience of hotel management in the U.S.A., with frequent visits to Europe's leading hotels to make sure that the American hotels were not missing anything. The eighteen years would have been twenty-five if he had not come back during the war to serve with the Eighth Army.

FERNANDO FORCELLINI, the restaurant manager, has an unusual background as he is a citizen of the Republic of San Marino. This was useful during the war because he was a recognized neutral with all their privileges at a time when experienced restaurant managers were as scarce as black pearls. During this period he acted in this capacity at The Mitre at Hampton Court and, in fact, remained there up to 1952. He was (as he says) originally "imported" to England in 1925 by his uncle, the famous John Sovrani, who was at that time manager of the Savoy Restaurant. Before he arrived at the Café de Paris he was restaurant manager at the Caprice for four years and says that he owes a great deal to all that he learned from the maestro of the Caprice, Mario Gallati. The *maître chef*, Molinari, has been with the controlling company, Mecca Cafés, for many years.

There is not much that you can't do at the Café de Paris: you can even have breakfast there from 12.30 to 3 a.m. for 7s. 6d.—bacon and eggs and kippers and that sort of thing, and still have a whisky and soda or a bottle of wine with it if you feel so inclined, but wear your dinner jacket or you will have to breakfast at home.

At 8.30 p.m. the cocktail bar opens. Suppers are served from 9.30 p.m. to 3 a.m., with a cabaret at midnight. It is evening dress down below and a lounge suit in the balcony, but they relax as far as dress in the restaurant is concerned during August and September. Nevertheless, it is definitely a place where it's a pleasure to "dress."

There is a minimum charge for supper *à la carte* or for the Souper du Jour of 45s. With a drink or two beforehand and one of the least expensive wines with your meal, allocating, say, half a bottle a person, and a brandy or liqueur with the coffee, you won't get out for less than about £3 10s. a head, which is very reasonable for a fine night out, dancing to two bands, a super cabaret, and all the highlights of a really smart night spot. If you try to do it for less, it's a worry. Make it a fiver a head and you can have a very good time.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### *Enter partridges*

SEPTEMBER 1—and partridges! For many, this is an even more important culinary date than August 12. (Incidentally, with an "r" in the month, oysters are also "in".)

Partridge is a meaty little bird. When roasted "to a turn," cut in half and placed on slices of bread, first fried in a little butter, one is enough for two persons. Poultry shears or kitchen scissors will cut through the back and breast bone very easily, without the hazard which attends a knife.

Fried crumbs and bread sauce can be dispensed with. As an accompaniment for roast partridge, chips or very fine straw potatoes, together with a garnish of watercress, are ideal.

In this country, the grey leg is considered at its best when young, while the red leg, it is claimed, is better when mature. Unroughened claws and beaks can be depended on as indicative of a bird's youth.

Wrap a piece of unsmoked fat bacon or pork fat around the bird and, inside it, place a generous piece of seasoned butter. Put the bird, breast down, on a poultry rack, spit or the grill grid and give it 20 to 25 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 to 425 deg. F., or gas mark 6 to 7). As the bird cooks, the delicious flavour of the butter will melt gently into it.

After 15 to 20 minutes in the oven, remove the fat, turn the bird on to its back, sprinkle the breast with flour and, to help to brown it, baste it with the hot butter. Cook for a further few minutes, then test the bird for "doneness" this way: Place a fork inside the opening (not the flesh) and upend it. If a pinky fluid comes out, return the bird to the oven for a further 5 to 6 minutes.

GRILLED young partridge is, perhaps, even more delicious, because it remains more moist. First, untruss it, then cut it through the back. Flatten it out with a rolling-pin or beater and turn the wings back again. Run two small skewers through the body at the wings and legs, brush all over with melted butter and grill, first, the cut side and then the skin side. Keep an eye on the heat. Begin by having it very hot to sear the surface, then lower it for slower cooking. A few minutes before the end of cooking, surround the partridge with 4 to 6 mushrooms, girdled up, with a dot of butter in each. Season all to taste.

To serve: Add a little further melted butter to the mushrooms and sprinkle chopped parsley over them. Over the partridge itself, sprinkle a little melted butter to which a squeeze or so of lemon juice has been added.

For a "devilled taste," add to the grill pan a teaspoon or so of Worcestershire sauce or Yorkshire Relish, together with another small lump of butter and a little stock from the giblets. Pass this sharp sauce for those who like it.

As there is very little meat to worry about on the back of a game bird, I always cook one on its breast but, nowadays, I prefer to spit-roast it under the grill at the top of my oven.

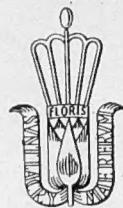
HERE is a wonderful Partridge Pie (for 4 persons): Disjoint a prepared partridge and cut the breast into 4. In butter, gently fry the pieces, together with a finely chopped shallot, to a pale gold. Line a small pie-dish with alternate strips of unsmoked fat streaky bacon (2 small rashers), lightly seasoned top leg of veal ( $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.) and the browned pieces of partridge. Add also a quartered hard-boiled egg and, if you like, 3 oz. whole mushrooms. Have ready a rich but thin gravy made from the body bones, giblets, a small piece of leg beef and the mushroom stalks. Pour this, cold, into the cold meats to come about three parts through them.

Cover with puff pastry and bake for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Begin in a hot oven (450 deg. F. or gas mark 8) for 15 minutes or until the pastry has risen, then reduce the temperature to 350 deg. F. or gas mark 3 to 4 and complete the baking. When the pie comes from the oven, pour a little hot gravy into it through a funnel.

Now for a book. *Reduce And Stay Reduced* (Christine Veasey Publications, 6s.), by Dr. Norman Jolliffe, of New York, is one of the best books I have yet met on the problem of over-weight. Dr. Jolliffe explains "caloric intake" and clearly lays down the estimated amount of food for people of every type and age. There are menus, recipes, and lists of different foods, all with their calorific content recorded, so that folk can be in no doubt as to the food they are eating—or how much they require to keep them in good health.

—Helen Burke





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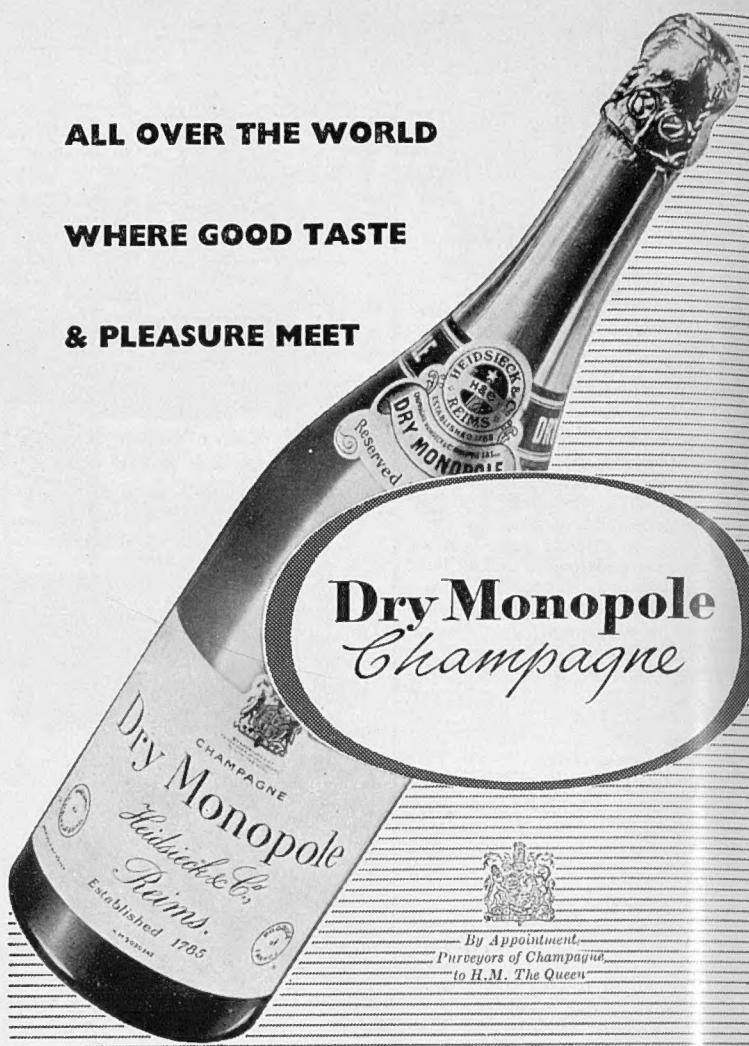
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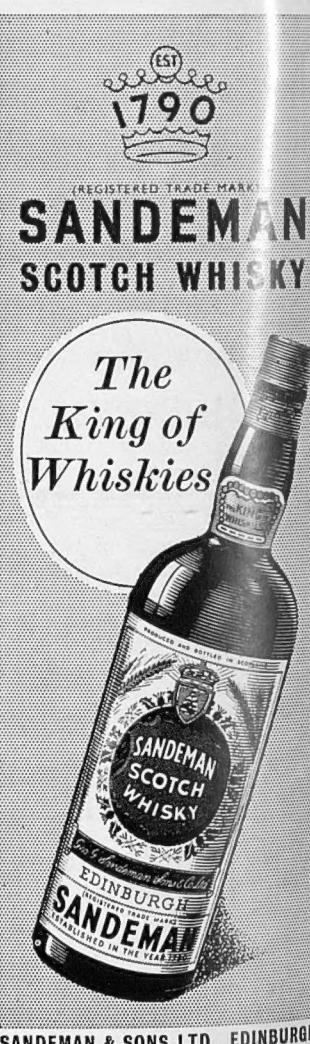
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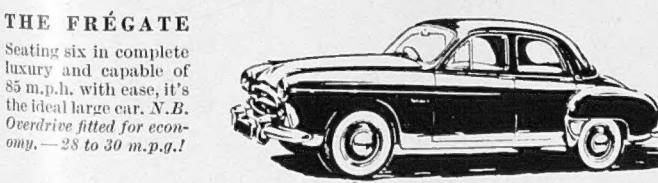
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